

AUDIO VISUAL ROOM

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VIDA

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Summary: She walked right into his arms with practiced ease, and their lips met in the middle without nearly any effort, like kissing was simply the natural thing that should happen whenever they were near each other. Probably because it was. Romance/fluff, Mike/Eleven, post-S2. Hopefully post-series?

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I feel like I've reached peak schmoopiness, guys.

Mike had his nose stuck (not literally) in the internal wiring of an audio speaker when the door to the Hawkins High A/V room opened. He had Study Hall for last period on Thursdays, and the teacher didn't mind letting him off so he could prep ahead of time for their A/V club meeting after school.

This week, Dustin had somehow acquired what he assured them were the technical specs for Sony's upcoming MHC-P77 component system — they all refused to call it "Pixy"— and they were embarking on a project to see if they could upgrade their cheap, patched-together speakers in the A/V room to at last come a little closer to the specs of Sony's latest model... or at least what Dustin said were the official specs.

"I've got contacts in the black market," Dustin insisted. Nobody believed him.

It'd be fun either way.

He lifted his gaze from the device to see his beautiful girlfriend come into the room. "Hey," he said as she closed the door behind her, leaning against it for a few seconds. He looked at his watch and noticed there were still about 15 minutes left before the final bell rang. "Shouldn't you be in Trig class right now?"

"Ms. Sweeney had a family emergency, so class let out early," she explained simply as she pushed away from the door and walked around the table to where he was standing. "Thought I'd come see you."

She walked right into his arms with practiced ease, and their lips met in the middle without nearly any effort, like kissing was simply the natural thing that should happen whenever they were near each other. Probably because it was. He leaned into her in his eagerness to drink her in, feeling like a weight he hadn't even noticed was there was lifted from his shoulders and he could breathe again. Kissing Eleven always felt like coming home.

He was glad she took the initiative to come see him, because he'd been missing her all week. Which sounded stupid, he knew, since they'd seen each other every day, but that was always with other people around. They'd been together in the classes they shared and they'd hung out with the rest of the party after school whenever they could, but they hadn't had any time alone since Sunday. And *after* Sunday, that was almost unbearable.

It had been El's 18th birthday, and it just so happened that one of her favorite authors was having a signing at a bookstore in the city that day, so Mike had picked her up early so they could make the drive and still have time to stand in line to be let in. It hadn't been the first time they'd ventured out of Hawkins together for a day trip, but looking back on it, Mike had to admit it had felt... different somehow. Maybe he should've taken that as a sign that something important was going to happen.

El got her book autographed, they had lunch in the city, took a short walk around just for kicks, and then drove back to Hawkins nearing dinnertime, happy and buoyant and generally all smiles, all day. They snuck back to Mike's house just to get a bit more time on their own before he had to take her back home; his parents were having dinner at the country club and Holly was spending the day at a friend's place, so they decided to just hang out in Mike's room for a while, and...

Well.

One thing led to another.

Not that it was an accident or anything; it just wasn't a planned thing. They *had* talked about whether they were ready to take that step—hard not to when the rest of their friends kept pestering them about being too sappy and how they should just get a room and *do it* so they could "get it out of their system"—they just hadn't set out for it to happen specifically that day. They'd been lounging on his bed, with El trying to trick him into taking some candid photos with the new Polaroid camera Hopper and Joyce had given her as a birthday present. She liked taking photos to pin on her walls, but it was difficult with Mike because he was *the worst* at having his picture taken (her words), so tricking him was the only way to get a decent shot out of him.

And somehow in the middle of him trying to mock-wrestle the camera away from her, they ended up kissing, then hands started roaming and clothes started coming off, and when he asked her if she was sure and she looked into his eyes and nodded, he swore his heart was going to burst right out of his chest, it was beating so fast.

Their friends would be really annoyed if they knew.

(*Did* they know? Mike hadn't told anyone, nor did he intend to—that kinda stuff was private between him and El, it was no one else's business—but he did wonder if they'd noticed them acting any differently. Because Mike *felt* different, and he wasn't sure if that was coming across in the way he interacted with El. He hoped not).

To be specific, they would be really annoyed because, on Sunday, Mike learned with 100% certainty that there was no "getting it out of his system." Being with her like that, making love to her, only made him want her more. Sharing that kind of intimacy with the person he loved most in the world showed him without a doubt that kissing her, touching her, hearing her breathless gasps in his ear and feeling her skin against his—it was the most *right* he'd ever felt in his life, and at the same time it made him want more of it because it made any other moment they were together feel like they were simply *not close enough*.

They hadn't really had a chance to talk about it that week, but he was

pretty sure El felt the same way. The way she was currently pushing him against the edge of the table was proof enough. It wasn't the most comfortable position ever, but at the moment he could not care any less. He could stay in that position forever, so long as she never stopped kissing his jaw and down his neck the way she was doing at the moment.

His arm around her waist drew her closer and his other hand tugged lightly at her ponytail as it swung by. She let out an adorably frustrated noise but indulged him anyway, pulling a hand away from his torso up to pull her scrunchie out of her hair, letting it flow free with gravity. His hand immediately got lost in her soft brown tresses, caressing her scalp and running his fingers through the curls, drawing pleased little sighs from her that resonated in him all the way down to his toes.

He loved her hair. Every time they had a class together that week, he'd spent too much time staring at her, remembering the way her dark hair had splayed against his pillow that day, as she gave all of herself to him in trusting abandon. It was the most beautiful he had ever seen her and— God, he wasn't going to be able to concentrate on anything other than her for the rest of his life, was he?

He pulled her back into a kiss, because it had been too long. It had only been like a minute since he last kissed her, but that was a minute too long, he thought as he tugged her lower lip between his own. How had he even survived for almost a week without this? It was unfathomable.

Although they'd seen each other every day since Sunday, he hadn't been spending his afternoons at her place like he usually did. This was mainly because they were busy; senior year was keeping them occupied. Even that day, after school was over they both had extracurriculars, so it was a small miracle that they had gotten a few minutes to meet up.

And then there was also the fact that— and he would deny this if asked by anyone other than her— he was ridiculously paranoid that Hopper would take one look at them and just *know*. He had no idea how Hopper would ever possibly know, but he was scared he would nonetheless. When he went to pick El up on Sunday, the man had

stood in the doorway, keeping a strangely wistful eye on them as they got into the car and drove away. Mike had thought it odd at the moment, but promptly forgot about it until the prospect of stopping by El's house on Monday afternoon came up. And suddenly he started reading too much into it.

Not that there was anything Hopper could say or do to stop or interfere in their new physical relationship, of course. Mike knew that he *couldn't*, and Eleven assured him that he *wouldn't*. Her father had always been supportive of the bond between them, albeit in his own gruff manner, and anyway, it's not like they had done anything *wrong*. It was simply the logical progression of their relationship. They loved each other, they knew what they were doing, and they were old enough to make their own decisions. And nothing anyone said or did could change that. None of their parents got a say anymore.

But still, it would be crazy awkward. And Mike wanted to stay as far away as possible from any awkwardness when it came to El's family. So if Hopper didn't know, he wasn't about to volunteer the information, and that was a part of why he hadn't shown up at El's place for the entire week. He quite liked having all his limbs attached, thank you very much. And while El insisted that Hopper liked him and would never do anything to him, Mike didn't particularly feel like testing that hypothesis.

Of course, at the moment her hands had sneaked under his sweater and polo shirt to caress his abdomen, and Hopper was the furthest thing from his mind. Her fingers were cold and left his skin tingling wherever she touched. She tasted sweet, like the cherry Push Pop she'd had after lunch, and he was finding it incredibly intoxicating.

When she started actually pushing his sweater up, he couldn't help but laugh. "You can't take my clothes off here," he chortled with a shake of his head, between kisses. His words didn't seem to deter her, but he did catch her grinning.

"I locked the door," she said in a cheeky tone as she nuzzled her nose against his. Mike didn't know if she had turned the lock with her mind just now or if she did it manually when she came in, but it still cracked him up that she could be so wicked when she set her mind to

it.

Granted, as the A/V club president, he was the only member of the club who had a key to this room, but other people outside the club also had copies of it: their faculty supervisor, the school secretary, the principal and vice-principal, the head janitor, among others. So yeah, probably not a good idea to get too... involved in there, even when your girlfriend could slam doors closed with her mind.

"We're *at school*," he pointed out, still laughing, but he pulled her hands away from his torso and up to his shoulders either way. He knew she wouldn't really do anything improper in a public setting—she was just being playful—but it was still cute how eager she looked.

She let out a mock-dejected huff, but linked her hands behind his neck. She started playing with the soft hair at his nape, and it drew a shiver out of him. He chased that shiver by leaning down and capturing her lips again. She exhaled against his mouth like she'd been holding her breath until they could kiss once more.

He pulled back just slightly to look at her. "Hi," he said, smiling like a doofus. Her eyes were shining and her cheeks were flushed. Her lips were red and swollen from being so thoroughly kissed, and he knew if she didn't want to make it too obvious what she'd been doing, she'd have to pull out that Lip Smackers balm she always carried around before she headed off to SAT prep.

She wasn't worried about that at the moment, though, as she grinned back at him. "Hi," she returned, pushing herself up to her tiptoes to peck his lips softly, repeatedly. He tucked an errant strand of her hair back behind her ear, and her arms wrapped fully around his neck so that most of her weight was resting against him. He felt like he was in heaven.

Heaven was interrupted by the sound of the school bell.

He tried his best to ignore it, and she went with it for a few seconds, but eventually she started to pull back. "I have to go," she reminded him, though she didn't look like she was any happier about it than he was, what with the way she was crinkling her nose.

"Hngh, no," he all but whined like a three-year-old, pulling her back into his arms before she could get too far. But she went willingly, and when he kissed her again, he could feel her smile against his lips.

They went for about another half-minute before she tried again. "Mike." She punctuated the plea by tapping her hand against his shoulder a few times, but at the same time, she wasn't stepping away. "I'm—" She pecked him once. "Gonna—" Another peck. "Be—" And another. "Late," she finished before leaning in for a slightly longer kiss.

When she finally pulled back, he groaned, throwing his head back. "Okay," he conceded in a mumble, and she laughed. His hands were still on her hips, holding her snugly in place against him.

He looked down at her, savoring the feeling of her in his arms before it went away, and smiled. "Hey," he called out, leaning down to kiss her one last time, just because he could. "I love you."

"I love you, too," she replied, reciprocating with a kiss of her own. Then she finally stepped away from his embrace, walking around the table and toward the exit. She gave him a small wave as she walked out the door. He felt like he missed her already. Jesus, he was such a sap.

He pulled back a chair and dropped himself down on it, pulling Dustin's hokey tech specs toward him so he could read through the whole booklet. He definitely needed something to help him cool down before the rest of his friends got there.

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Notes: Alternative summary for this fic: "Mike and Eleven make out in the A/V room. That's it. That's the plot." xD Have I ever mentioned that this series is about the "quiet moments"? Because I suddenly feel the need to point out there's very little dialogue in this story. It totally counts. ;)

The Sony MHC-P77 (also known as the "Pixy") was a popular mini-component system that was released in Japan in 1989; I believe it didn't hit the US market until '90, so the kids would've had limited information about it at this point in the year. Push Pops are a brand of candy by Topps that basically looks like a lipstick tube, except you have to push it out in order to eat it. Looking back on it as a grown-up, I realize what an unfortunate name this brand chose and how awkward any explanation as to its usage is, hahaha. Lip Smackers are a brand of flavored lip balms by Bonne Bell. I think those are still around? Also, yay scrunchies! I had so many of those dumb things when I was a kid, lol.

When it comes to characters' birthdays, I tend to go with the actors' birthdays unless explicitly specified in canon. Millie's birthday is on February 19th, so that's what I go with for Eleven in this story. And, yes, February 19th, 1989 was a Sunday. I checked, because I am that big of a nerd. The title comes from the song "Why I Love You" by Major, which is so Mike/Eleven it makes me want to cry. Hope everyone in the US is having a great Thanksgiving weekend!